

Discovered That the Stranger's Spurs Were Sharp and That He Could Use Them.

Everybody, and a great many other people, who ever put in any time around Dogtown either knows or knows of Bill Morris. There used to be a great deal of mining going on around Dogtown—placer mining, and Bill was a celebrity all the way down Butte creek from Hupp's Mill to Chico. There was hardly a man of any fighting proclivities in that part of California who had not in the course of his career tried Bill on to his sorrow.

Bill was a shining success as a rough and tumble fighter, depending more on strength and agility than science, and his invariably successful experiences in this line persuaded him that he had a dead clinch on anyone who was foolish enough to engage with him in a discussion as to who was the best man. This feeling of security tended to make Bill arrogant, not to say haughty, and his manner to strangers was tinged with an offensiveness as pronounced as it was unmistakable. He became fully persuaded that it was his bounden duty to harass and annoy every stranger who came along until the victim was left no resource but to resent the provocation given him and join issues there and then.

Bill went up to Nimshe one day on some business, and while he was in the barroom of the hotel talking to some of his mining friends a tall, slim man came riding down the mountains on a small broncho. The traveler hitched his horse to a post in front of the hotel and walked into the barroom to get a drink. He attracted no particular attention except that it was observed by some present that he had particularly long legs. Bill noticed this fact also, and it occurred to him that it would be a source of great amusement to show his friends what a stride the traveler had and to illustrate it by making him get out of the room at full speed.

With this laudable object in view, he responded affably to the stranger's pleasant salutation, which was accompanied by an invitation to drink. In the conversation that ensued Bill made an observation to the effect that it struck him as rather absurd that a man with legs as long as those in the possession of the traveler, should squander valuable time in riding a broken-down broncho when so much more ground could be covered by walking, closing his remark by stating that an ordinary jack rabbit wasn't in it with the man to whom he was addressing his conversation.

This nettled the stranger somewhat, and he threw out a hint in the direction of how much more profitable it might prove to attend to one's own affairs than to worry about those of others. Such boldness was not calculated to induce the conversation to languish. Bill was unaccustomed to what he characterized as back talk, and the traveler was promptly challenged to fight. He failed to see the necessity for this, and tried to excuse himself on the ground of suffering with chills and in no condition to fight. Bill declined to recognize this as valid, and the stranger, with much reluctance, prepared to meet as best he could Bill's onslaught. No time was wasted in scientific display. Bill closed at once and down they both went on the floor, Bill, as usual, on top. But the stranger knew his business. No one had noticed that the tall, slim man had on a large pair of Spanish spurs, which, contrary to custom, were sharp. Bill was the first one to make the discovery, for the stranger, instead of struggling, as he ought to have done, clasped Bill firmly with his arms, while he doubled up his legs and, planting the spurs on Bill's back near the shoulders, he shot first one leg and then the other down Bill's back. He then reversed and brought the legs alternately up Bill's back, exerting all the time a violent downward pressure. The spurs being sharp, and Bill having on no coat, the points penetrated the flesh, causing great pain. Bill howled and struggled, but to no purpose. The stranger worked his legs rapidly, and with the regularity of pistons, literally "ripping him up the back."

Bill informed the audience in language which admitted of no misunderstanding that he had all he wanted, and he and the stranger were untangled. The traveler set 'em up and, mounting his broncho, resumed his journey. Bill went back to Dogtown a reformed man. He rarely addresses a stranger, and when he does it is with great civility. If you doubt the truth of this story stop at Centerville, on Butte creek, and ask Bill Hooper about it.—Washington Post.

Foiled After All.

During the Peninsular war a number of English officers had established a mess in a Spanish village, with native cooks whose efforts were fairly satisfactory to the keen appetites of the campaigners. They were joined, however, by a certain peevish, cantankerous major, who bitterly complained that every dish was flavored with sugar—after the Spanish fashion—and quite unpalatable. Finally, he confined himself to a diet of eggs boiled in the shell. "They can't sugar those," he cried, triumphantly. But his triumph was short-lived. Next morning some mischievous subs were at the mess-table before the major, and emptied all of the salt cellars, replacing their contents with powdered sugar. The major soon appeared, and with gloomy complicity began upon an egg, with which, as usual, he took plenty of "salt." At the first mouthful his face turned purple with rage. "Sugarred by Jove!" he exclaimed, and rushed out to his tent.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Well Supplied.

Lady of the House—Have you references?
Servant—Plinty, mum! O'iv niver staid in one place more than a week!—Answers.

An Awkward Moment.
He had been traveling abroad for a long time and was enraptured at seeing an old friend. The traveler had talked about himself for some time, when he exclaimed:
"By the way, what has become of that fellow, freckled-faced, red-headed girl who always wore a pink dress and gold-rimmed spectacles?"
"Did you mention a pink dress and gold-rimmed spectacles?"
"Yes. What has become of her?"
"—er—I guess I married her."—Washington Star.

How He Knew.

Hotel Manager—I see you have given our best suite of rooms to a man named Wiggins. Are you sure he can pay the price?

Hotel Clerk—Yes, sir; he is immensely wealthy.

Hotel Manager—How do you know?
Hotel Clerk—Oh, he is very old and very ugly and his wife is very young and very pretty.—Buffalo Times.

No Mention of Her.

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
Why was he merry?
It is evident, very.
'Twas because there was no Mrs. C.
—Philadelphia Press.

A POSER FOR PAPA.



Willie—Papa, isn't a monarchy the best form of government?

Papa—No; a republic is.

Willie—Then why do they say "the Kingdom of Heaven?"—N. Y. Tribune.

With a Rising Infection.

What profiteth the man who brings All sense and argument to bear In joint debating with his wife,
Who then replies: "Well, I don't care!"
—Chicago Journal.

THE BOOK WORLD.

Popular interest has recently been revived in the novels of Wilkie Collins.

Rudyard Kipling has finished a new short story of 12,000 words, called "Slaves of the Lamp."

Judging from the sales, the most popular three of Hardy's novels are "Tess," "Jude the Obscure" and a "Pair of Blue Eyes."

It has been asserted by a high authority that the people of Indiana write more poetry than those of any other state in the union.

Hall Caine confesses to taking his work too seriously to be either carried away by warmest eulogy or disturbed by severest censure.

Walter Scott loved animals, and never could reconcile himself to the cruelty of shooting for sport. How can any healthy mind so reconcile itself?

William Morris was the richest British poet of his time except Tennyson. His wealth was due, of course, more to his business than to his poetry.

Russell Sullivan said that he "read a few pages of Longfellow before sitting down to dinner, so as to be in a comfortable frame of mind for his meal."

W. D. Howells' daughter Mildred has a studio in her father's New York home, and has furnished some clever illustrations for books and magazines.

Thomas Hardy's personality is said to be that of "a retiring and modest man of letters, and nothing about him to indicate the poseur or the prophet."

A request has been sent to Brander Matthews to permit his "Introduction to American Literature" to be printed in raised letters for the use of the blind.

Charles Reade once gave to a young novelist, now well known, the following recipe for writing a novel: "Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em wait."

In direct opposition to the known wishes of Washington Irving, the new owner of Sunnyside is building an addition to it, and closing up Sunnyside lane.

Thackeray's own favorite book was "Henry Esmond," and Lady Castlewood was modeled on the late Mrs. W. H. Brookfield, from whose mind the author received most stimulation.

The German empress is paying the expenses of a trip to Italy for Johanna Ambrosius. That mighty land of melody, poetry and science has seldom failed for long to recognize its geniuses.

A Coquette.

The Paste Bucket—What are you looking so down-hearted about, old man?

The Paste Brush—As soon as I begun to make love to the poster girl she got stuck on the bill board.—N. Y. Journal.

A Gentle Stroke.

Sillicus—Is your pugilistic friend a hard hitter?

Cynicus—I've never known him to strike anybody for more than 50 at a time.—Philadelphia Record.

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LETTERS AND ART.

The Hungarian Academy of Sciences has lately taken up Ruskin's "The Stones of Venice" and is publishing a translation.

Some years ago Rev. Dr. Crane, the father of Stephen Crane, the novelist, wrote a tract on popular amusements, in which he condemned novel reading as one of the vices of the age.

The Russian imperial academy is preparing a national biographical dictionary of Russian men of letters and scientists. M. Venguerov, who has written already the bulk of the work, has accumulated no less than 400,000 pages of manuscript.

The latest contribution to the symposium on a suitable memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson has at least the merit of originality. Some one wants to erect a gas lamp to him, because he has in more than one place written of lamps and lamp posts!

An Englishman with more money than education recently sent the following order to a bookseller: "I have 60 feet of shelving. I want ten feet of poetry, ten feet of history, ten feet of science, ten feet of religion, the same of novels, and fill up the rest with any kind of books."

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin-Riggs' charming story, "Timothy's Quest," has been translated into Danish, and, with beautiful illustrations, published in Denmark, where it is a great favorite. It may encourage young writers to know that the manuscript of this successful book was offered to the eighth publisher before it was accepted.

A couple of curious and useful little volumes are the rhymed histories of England and France, by Mrs. Charles H. Gardner. They give the main facts of the histories of these countries in such a way that they can be retained in the memory with remarkable ease, and are found useful not only in the schoolroom, but by adults who want to furnish up their history.

TABLE DELICACIES.

Nut Cookies.—Two cupfuls of sugar, two eggs, one-half cupful of melted butter, six tablespoonfuls of milk, a teaspoonful of cream tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of hickory nut meats, enough flour to make rather a stiff dough.

Chicken Pillau.—One pint of cold boiled rice; one boiled chicken, the meat chopped fine; one can of tomatoes, strained. Let the liquor in which the chicken is boiled jelly. A piece of butter the size of an egg, salt and pepper to taste. Mix together and serve hot.

A Good Pudding.—One-quarter of a cupful of butter, one cupful of New Orleans molasses, two cupfuls of sifted flour, one cupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda in milk, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, a pinch of salt. Steam in a mold for two hours.

Potato Puff.—Two cupfuls of mashed potatoes, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Stir these, with a seasoning of salt, to a light, fine, creamy consistency. Beat two eggs separately and add six tablespoonfuls of cream. Beat all together, well and lightly. Pile in an irregular form in a dish. Bake in a quick oven until nicely colored.—N. Y. Ledger.

THE EUROPEAN STAGE.

Johann Strauss has brought out at Vienna a new opera called "The Goddess of Reason." The scene is laid in France, during the Reign of Terror.

Sarah Bernhardt has taken up the theater hat nuisance. She suggests that women take to using mantillas in the evening at restaurant dinners and subsequent visits to the theater. The use of wraps for the head, which are easily removed, has long been customary in Germany.

It is stated by a Vienna paper that Eleonora Duse, the famous Italian actress, has arrived in Vienna to undergo a serious operation. Signora Duse broke down suddenly at Moscow before she could appear there, and had to telegraph to the German emperor that she could not visit Berlin as promised.

A private performance at the Theater Mondain was stopped recently by the police. The play "Une Nuit de Venise" showed up George Sand, Alfred de Musset and Dr. Pagnello. The families of the two authors had obtained an injunction to prevent its performance, but the manager was ready to be fined for contempt of court and would have given the play if the police had not stepped in.

CARE OF PROPERTY.

Small Boy—Papa, will you lend me your knife?

Papa—Lend you my knife? It isn't a week since I bought you a new knife. What have you done with it? Lost it?

"Oh, no; I've got it yet."

"Then why don't you use it?"

"You said I should take good care of it, and I want to take up tasks."—N. Y. Weekly.

Reciprocity.

Bacon—When he was courting her he promised to throw everything at her feet.

Egbert—And did she reciprocate?

"Well, I should rather say she did! After they were married she threw everything at his head!"—Yonkers Statesman.

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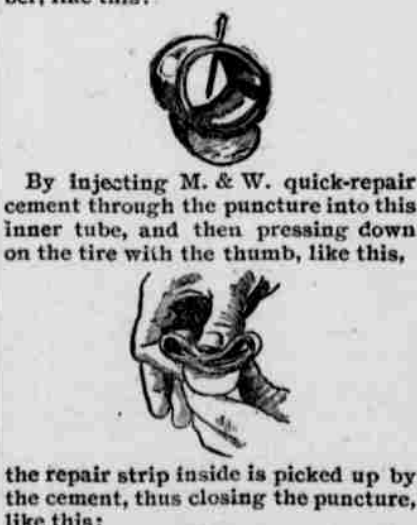
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